

What's Bugging You?

by [abbeynormal](#)©

Author's Note: The author does not condone unsafe sexual practices and their use here should not be construed otherwise. As the saying goes, "Cover the stump before you hump."

*

Dana Wartenburg had been a cop for twenty years but scenes like this never got easier. She was standing in a heavily wooded area of Sundem's Nature Preserve gazing at the decomposed body of a teen-aged girl. It took every ounce of self-control she had not to turn away and get sick to her stomach. The scene would bother most people but was even worse for her because, despite the condition of the body, she 'knew' it was Jennifer Butler, a girl who'd been missing for several months.

She remembered being called out to investigate the girl's disappearance back at the end of summer break. Jen had gone out on her bicycle one Saturday morning and never returned. Though Dana never admitted it to anyone other than her diary, she knew from the outset that they'd never find the girl alive. She never claimed to be psychic but after all these years, she had learned to listen to that inner voice when it spoke to her. Even 'knowing' what she did, she still worked the case vigilantly. In the end, it was a pair of hikers who found Jen's naked body, dumped in the woods.

"Dana."

The voice came from behind her to the left. She turned and noticed her partner, Shawn, standing with a gentleman she'd never seen before.

"Yeah?" she asked.

"This is Dr. Darryl Johnson. He's a forensic entomologist from the university."

Out of habit she extended her right hand to him in a greeting.

"Nice to meet you, Dr. Johnson. I'm Dana Wartenburg," she said, taking a long, appraising look at him.

He appeared to be in early 50's with fairly short brown hair and inquisitive brown eyes that he hid behind fashionable glasses. She guessed him to be about 5'11" tall and figured he'd probably weigh in at a trim 175 pounds. He was certainly dressed appropriately for tramping out in the woods. Well-worn hiking boots encased his feet and his jeans bore the evidence of kneeling at length. He wore a jersey knit turtleneck under a plaid flannel shirt and a khaki vest with many pockets over that.

"Oh, please call me Darryl."

"Okay, Darryl, I've never met a forensic entomologist before so I have no clue why you're here."

"Well, I'm here because the Commissioner asked me to come and help out."

His voice was serious but she detected a slight twinkle in his eye.

"And how do you do that?"

"I study the insect life in the area to help determine the time of death as well as other factors that could lead you to your killer."

Her eyebrows shot up in amazement. The case still hadn't been officially labeled a homicide and yet this man assumed that the victim had been murdered.

"Killer?"

"This isn't my first case, detective."

"Well," Shawn said, "Now that you two have finished sniffing each other."

She shot him a look that she hoped would quiet him.

"Okay, Darryl," she said pointing in the direction of a tall dark haired woman who was wearing a blue baseball cap, "That's Amy Eisenhour, who is heading up our forensics investigation. She's the one you need to talk to."

Someone else called her name and she excused herself before wandering off to learn that the press was waiting for her statement. Even though the nature preserve was over seventy-five miles away from the last place Jen had been seen, the speculation was high that the body they'd found was hers. She spent five minutes giving half answers to questions about who and what they'd found. The media assumed that since she was there and that she was the lead investigator in the disappearance of this college sophomore, the police had to have found her. She assured them that as soon as they were able to make a positive identification, they'd release the name of the victim but at the present time they just didn't know enough to say for certain. She had done this enough that she generally didn't get caught off-guard by questions but one reporter managed it that day.

"Detective Wartenburg, why is Dr. Johnson here?"

"Who?" she asked, momentarily unable to figure out why anyone would be asking about him.

"Dr. Johnson, the bug expert."

"He's here at the request of the Commissioner Carradine and we welcome his expertise."

Fortunately, at that moment, she saw Shawn waving his arms wildly.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm needed elsewhere now. We'll keep you updated with any information we discover," she announced and then walked away.

That night Dana sat in her office and stared at her computer. She'd just finished writing up all her notes and there was one final thing she had to do before going home. She started her investigation of Dr. Johnson and was mildly surprised by what she found. Degrees from Auburn and Louisiana State Universities were somewhat surprising, as he bore no trace of a southern accent when he spoke. She poked around some more and finally discovered the real reason why the commissioner had called him.

Four years ago a developer had discovered the body of an elderly woman buried in a shallow grave on land that was slated to become a housing addition in Charlotte, North Carolina. Dr. Johnson was teaching at North Carolina State University at that time and he helped in the investigation. "Bug Doc Solves Murder Mystery" was the headline of the article from the Charlotte Observer.

She sat back in her chair and recalled the stains on Darryl's jeans. She knew when she saw them that they hadn't been acquired locally. Then she remembered a friend who lived near Charlotte talking about the red clay soil they had out there and the pieces of the puzzle all fell together.

"Okay, Dana," she said to herself, "Maybe you can cut this guy some slack since he obviously knows what he's doing."

A few days later dental records confirmed her gut instinct that they'd found Jen and the autopsy revealed some gruesome facts about the case that led the police to rethink a lot of the assumptions they'd made which had her feeling like she was back to square one. Just when she was ready to bang her head against the wall of her office one morning the phone rang.

"Wartenburg,"

"Detective, this is Darryl. Do you have some free time this afternoon?"

"What's up?"

"I've found something you'll want to see."

She glanced at her watch and saw it was almost noon.

"Sure thing. I'm going to grab lunch on the way over. Can I bring you anything?"

"No thanks."

This wasn't the first time she'd spoken with Darryl since their initial meeting in the woods. He had been very good about keeping her apprised of his progress, or lack thereof and every conversation they had seemed to get a little friendlier. One night they even found themselves having supper at the same diner and decided to share a table.

They talked about North Carolina and his work at the university. She wasn't surprised to hear he knew her uncle who had been a Chemistry professor there for many years, but he seemed surprised that she was related to Hal even though she didn't think he should have been. In addition to sharing a last name, both of them had the ability to get completely wrapped up in a project to the exclusion of everything else. He commented that he had seen that trait as she doggedly worked to find out who had killed Jen.

They were both surprised to find that a long time had passed while they talked about how they'd gotten to their respective positions in their careers. She admitted that her single-mindedness had cost her marriage since her husband had wanted a more traditional wife. The way in which he indicated his sympathy indicated that his own marriage wasn't exactly rock-solid at the moment though he didn't mention specifically that this was the case.

They sat for several minutes not saying a word, just sipping their drinks and trying not to admit that there was a cloud of unresolved sexual tension swirling around them. She finally suggested that they'd better leave before the cook threw them out. As she walked out of the diner, she was surprised to see Darryl follow right behind her all the way to her car. She supposed he was just being chivalrous though she thought it was a bit unnecessary as the well-lit parking lot was virtually empty and she was an experienced police officer.

"Thanks for the dinner company," she offered, not knowing what else to say.

"It was my pleasure, Dana."

She was further surprised when he leaned in and kissed her cheek very gently. Thoughts of returning the gesture crossed her mind but in an instant he pulled away and walked across the lot to his car. She started the engine and sat in the driver's seat for several minutes, waiting for the heater to finally do its job. From across the pavement, she watched him get into his vehicle and moments later, he pulled out.

An hour after he called her, Dana was in his laboratory at the university and staring into a microscope while the professor informed her that she was looking at the larval form of some insect she'd never heard of. When she expressed her ignorance she found out there was good reason for it. That particular insect was unheard of this far west of the Appalachian Mountains.

She was so excited by the news that she completely lost all professionalism and grabbed Darryl in a tight embrace before planting an enthusiastic kiss on his lips.

"I owe you big time for this!" she exclaimed as she rushed out the door of the laboratory.

Darryl had given her the evidence she needed to further investigate Jen's ex-boyfriend. He had seemed like a credible suspect initially but his family said he'd been so upset by the break-up that he'd taken the summer off to hike the Appalachian Trail. The fact that this bug had come from the eastern mountains put him back at the top of the suspect list.

Several months later, Ronald Goodman, Jen's ex-boyfriend was convicted of her murder. The prosecutor did an excellent job of presenting the case and he said Darryl was amazing on the witness stand. Dana wasn't surprised to hear that. The few times they had talked about insects, his explanations were always very clear without sounding condescending or overly technical. If he'd been able to maintain that attitude in front of the jury, she sure they would have understood him.

As happy as she was that Goodman was convicted, she was a little saddened when she realized that she would no longer have an excuse to see or talk to Darryl. Even in that seemingly eternal stretch between the arrest and the conviction they'd managed to stay in touch. Yes, they would still be working in the same city, more or less, but there would be no reason to call or drop in to see him; or for him to see her either. She didn't realize until that moment just how much she had grown to enjoy his company. It didn't matter if they were talking about

bugs, North Carolina or even the price of bananas in Russia; it was always a great time.

A few days after the trial ended she called to see if he'd let her take him out to lunch as a way of thanking him for all his hard work. Sadly, she hadn't counted on the fact that the university was on spring break. By the end of the week she was knee deep in another case and when she finally had the opportunity to call him again, she assumed it was too late and tried to put him out of her mind.

It was a few months later that she found herself back at the diner where she'd once had supper with Darryl. It had been a really long day of running around and constantly coming up against dead-ends. She sat in a booth and stared at the newspaper she'd brought in with her without actually reading anything. Even though she'd come here to escape work, she found she couldn't leave it behind and her brain was in a state of constant spin.

Her concentration was broken by the arrival of her dinner. She didn't even look up as the plate was plunked on the table in front of her.

"Can I get you anything else ma'am?"

"No, thanks I'm fine," she answered automatically before realizing that the voice didn't belong to her waitress. In fact, it didn't belong to any of the waitresses, as this was a soft but definitely masculine voice. She wasn't sure why but tears sprung to her eyes as she looked up and saw Darryl standing next to her table.

"I was going to ask if you minded if I joined you but you look as though you'd rather be left alone."

"Don't you dare," she insisted as she reached out and grabbed his arm. "Join me, please."

He slipped into the seat across from her and it was only then that she realized the waitress was right behind him.

"I'll have what she's having," he ordered.

She looked at her plate of turkey Manhattan. "You need comfort food too?"

"I'll take comfort in any form I can get it but food seemed like the best idea right now."

His eyes were heavily shadowed and his shoulders drooped as if he were carrying the weight of the world. When he had been helping with the Butler case, there were times when it was apparent that he was very tired but she never imagined she would see him in this state of exhaustion.

"You look like I feel," she commented.

He simply shot her a look that could have meant anything

"Bad day?" she asked.

Still no answer.

"Week?" she pressed.

He grunted.

"Month?" she asked with some astonishment.

"Would you mind if we didn't talk about it?"

"Sure," she responded before digging into her food.

"So where did you disappear to?" he asked.

"Disappear? I haven't gone anywhere. I haven't even gone on vacation. You're the one who went AWOL."

"I suppose you're right."

"But it is nice to see you again," she reassured him with a warm smile.

"Thank you, Dana."

"You're welcome."

His smile was sincere but weak and she couldn't imagine what could be making him look so tired. Graduation had been two weeks ago so she knew classes were over for the semester. She didn't know what he did during the summer but couldn't imagine it would be so stressful as to exhaust him.

"And as usual," she continued, "I'm up to my armpits in work plus trying to help co-ordinate the annual State Police Young Explorers Camp."

"Sounds like you're keeping busy."

"So what about you? Are you teaching this summer?"

"No, not this summer. I had originally planned to do some traveling, visit the old haunts and all that."

"But plans have changed?"

"Looks like it."

His dinner arrived and she let him eat a few bites while she tried to carefully craft her next question.

"So these changed plans, are they what's keeping you up at night?"

He shot her a look that dripped of daggers and she knew she was on thin ice but she continued.

"I know you said you didn't want to talk about it but it's obvious that something's bothering you. And I was hoping that you'd have enough faith in me to know I'd keep your confidence."

He stopped eating for a moment and reached across the table. She was surprised to see him gently squeeze her hand for a moment. When she looked up, she saw he was looking directly at her, his brown eyes shining with unspoken emotion.

"Dana, I appreciate your concern," he began.

"But it's none of my business so butt out?"

"It's not that. I just don't want to burden you with the details."

"Burdens are easier when they're shared."

"I don't see you sharing your burdens."

"I take it you've never talked to Shawn," she laughed, acknowledging that her partner was also her confidant more often than not

"No, I can't say that I've spent much time with him."

"Well, I do share."

"I'll take your word for it."

"Seriously, Darryl," she began, putting her other hand over his, "I'm not saying that I can necessarily help you. I probably won't have any magical advice that will instantly solve everything. However, if you just want to unload, sometimes that can help a lot."

"I know it can. I just don't think it's fair to unload on you when you've obviously got so much on your plate already. And besides, what I really need, you're not likely to give me."

"What's that?"

His answer was a long slow appraising gaze of her body. At first Dana didn't understand what he was getting at but the longer he stared at her, the clearer the picture became. There was a hunger in his eyes that had nothing to do with the plate of food before him.

"You mean you and me and..."

She let her words trail off, not entirely sure she was interpreting him correctly. Though it was apparent he was looking for some kind of lusty adventure, she had a hard time believing that she was the one he wanted to share it with. It was true that they seemed to connect on many different levels and there was that kiss he'd given her the last time they'd met up here. Still it was a fairly innocent peck on the cheek, not a hot and heavy, passionate dance of the tongues.

"That's exactly what I mean."

"Okay, just so I'm certain I understand this. You want to have carnal knowledge of me?"

"Dana, why are you making this so difficult?"

"I'm sorry, Darryl. I just find this a little hard to believe."

"So would you?"

"Would I what?"

"Be interested in spending some time with me in pursuit of sensual delights?"

So many questions swirled through her head but the first one to pop out of her mouth was also the least expected.

"When?"

"Tomorrow morning."

"Darryl, I've got to work."

"Call in. Tell them you're sick and you've got to go see the doctor."

"What am I going to say is wrong with me?"

He grinned broadly and she should have seen where he was going with this.

"Tell them you've got a bug you need to get checked out."

She groaned at his pun.

"Well, who better to check on a bug than me?"

She thought it over for a moment. She hadn't used any sick days in over a year and with the hours she'd been putting in lately, it was a miracle that she hadn't succumbed to any number of ailments. Would anyone truly begrudge her one-day to recharge her batteries before she became completely exhausted?

"Okay," I agreed. "What time and where?"

"Let's get an early start. Say 8:00 at my office?"

"I'll be there."

True to her word, she was there standing at the door of his office promptly at 8:00. She'd called her lieutenant early that morning and told him that she was riding the ragged edge of exhaustion. It wasn't far from the truth. She had passed up the opportunity to take a vacation after the Goodman trial and now it was catching up with

her. She knew she wouldn't actually be spending the day in bed, as she'd told Lt. Hendrix, but she also knew that she'd be restoring her spirit in a way that a week's worth of bed rest couldn't match. At least, she hoped she would be.

While she was attracted to Darryl, she was also aware that attraction didn't necessarily translate into good sex. What if he turned out to be a completely inept lover? She could very well end up adding frustration to her exhaustion. Dana told herself these were not the kinds of thoughts she should be engaging in as her hand raised to knock at his office door. Then she took a deep breath to calm her nerves and went through with her plan.

The door opened as if Darryl had been waiting on her. She stepped inside taking another deep breath as she walked. No sooner was she in the room than he gathered her up into a passionate hug, squeezing her so tightly that she was afraid her ribs would crack.

"Thank you for coming," he said in greeting.

"Did you think I would back out?"

"I considered it as a possibility."

"I'm a woman of my word."

"I can see that."

He led her back to a spot at the side of the room that had a black leather sofa and indicated she should sit down. She settled in and waited for further instructions. He sat next to her so she turned to look at him.

"Look, I know I was pretty insistent last night, so if you don't want to go through with this, I'll understand."

"I wouldn't be here if I had plans of chickening out."

He reached over and took her small strong hands in his, gently squeezing them and then not letting them go...

"I want to show you pleasure like you've never seen before."

He knew she'd been out of circulation for a while, having buried herself in her work, but she wondered if he thought her life had been totally devoid of joy and passion.

"And what if I want to show you pleasure?"

"Oh, I think we can arrange for that."

He kissed her fondly on the cheek and before she had a chance to react, his hands came up to her breasts, gently kneading them through the fabric of her shirt as well as her bra. She moaned softly and tilted her head back, giving him access to her throat and neck. He understood the subtle sign she was giving him and moved his tongue and lips down across her jaw line and over her carotid artery.

She shivered with delight and felt her nipples begin to harden. Dana wondered if he'd be able to discern the reaction through the layers of fabric and soon her question was answered. Whereas he had been using his palms on her breasts, now he concentrated his actions by using his fingertips across her nipples. She didn't need to glance down to tell that they were protruding. She could figure that out from the sensation when his fingertips lightly brushed over them.

There was nothing that got her as turned on as having her nipples teased and her breasts caressed and it seemed that Darryl was particularly skilled in this technique. Moments later she was moaning in pleasure and practically squirming in her seat. She knew the moisture level in her pussy was building ferociously and decided it was time to turn the tables on him.

She reached behind him and pulled his head towards hers, pressing her lips against his. Instinctively, he opened his mouth and let her tongue slip inside. She probed extensively for a while, finally coaxing his tongue to join hers. His lips were soft and warm and his tongue was wet and oh so pliable. A stray thought of how wonderful that tongue would feel on other parts of her anatomy flitted through her brain and caused her arousal to

increase.

He firmly kneaded her breasts, not quite mauling them but making sure that all the tissue was deeply massaged. She managed to get his shirt unbuttoned and run her fingers through the hair on his chest without ever releasing his mouth from hers. He took this as a signal and began working on her blouse as well and for that he needed to see what he was doing as he fumbled with the buttons that were backwards to him.

Reluctantly she released his mouth from hers and watched his face as he kept his eyes on her chest. When the blouse finally gave way and he saw the sheer lace bra that was underneath it, he whistled long and approvingly. As much as he seemed to like it, it didn't stay on her body for very long and within minutes she was topless so he could resume his gentle and thorough teasing of her nipples. Her heart began to race again as he applied his lips and tongue to her breasts.

He put one hand on her chest and pushed her back so that she was lounging now on the sofa with her hips barely on the front edge of the seat cushion, then knelt on the floor between her thighs. His lips and teeth combined to make her right nipple stand at attention and Dana moaned her appreciation. When he used his fingers on her left nipple at the same time, she found herself surging towards an orgasm and unconsciously thrust her hips forward.

He took this for the sign it was and reached under her skirt. She could sense his frustration as his fingers met up with the fabric of her panties. For a moment he tried to work around them but quickly gave up that pursuit to grab them with both hands pull them down her legs. She kicked her sandals off her feet so that he could completely remove the restrictive garment.

Her dripping wet pussy was now completely exposed to him and she resumed the position she'd been in moments ago. While he kept his right hand working on her breast, the fingers of his left hand dipped between her labia to discover just how much heat and humidity had built up there.

Dana heard him moan as his fingers gently explored the soft folds. She continued to push her hips forward, hoping to feel him penetrate her but he kept his attention focused and zeroed in on her clit. The first time he brushed against it, she felt a spark of electricity radiate through her body. The second time, the feeling was stronger. For a long time he teased her before finally getting down to business, putting more and more pressure on her clit. Within minutes she felt a familiar tightening in her groin and knew she wasn't going to last long.

"Oh fuck!" she exclaimed as she felt herself falling over the edge.

For the next few minutes she was completely out of it. Her mind spun at the speed of light and her body convulsed hard. It had been so long since she'd even had the time and energy to pleasure herself, that the sensations of a good orgasm racked her body leaving her weak and breathless.

As she slowly opened her eyes again she saw his brow wrinkled into a frown. Before she had a chance to ask what was wrong she heard him mutter.

"This isn't gonna work."

Was he kidding? It was working beautifully as far as she was concerned. Though initially she'd had her misgivings about this little encounter, it was now apparent that Darryl was incredibly skillful and even though she'd just had one magnificent orgasm, she wanted more.

"Not gonna work?"

Dana tried to keep the panic from her voice but she wasn't sure she was successful. He must have picked up on her confusion because he pulled her into a tight embrace.

"Oh no, it's not you," he assured.

She feared that the next comment was going to be about his inability to have wild, unbridled sex with a woman he didn't know and love.

"It's just this place. We need to go somewhere else."

Relief washed over her with his words. She wasn't being rejected; the location was.

"So what did you have in mind?" she asked.

He pondered for a moment and then his face brightened. "The cabin!"

"Cabin?" She knew she must sound like some silly bird, parroting words back at him.

"One of my colleagues has a cabin up on Lake Fremont. He asked me to keep an eye on it over the summer while he's on sabbatical. It's rustic. It's secluded. It's perfect."

Rustic? Suddenly she had visions of a ramshackle structure with no inside plumbing and that didn't sound perfect to her.

"Uhhhh, just how 'rustic' is this place?"

He chuckled at her. "Don't worry. I was there a week ago and was quite comfortable."

"Well, if it meets your approval, I guess it's fine with me."

He took a moment to dig around in his desk and came up with a manila envelope. This he opened and pulled out a key and some papers. He kept the key but gave her the rest.

"Here's a map of how to get there."

Dana studied it for a moment. She knew where Lake Fremont was so that wouldn't be difficult. After a few minutes she thought she could get there with no problems and looked up at him. While she had been occupied he had scribbled something else on a piece of paper that he now extended to her.

"That's my cell phone number. Where are you parked?"

"Out in the visitors' lot on Fourth Street."

"Okay, I'm in the faculty lot on Union Drive. Why don't you go on and head to the cabin. I need to take care of something here and then I'll follow up. If you get lost, call me and I'll come find you."

She nodded her head, taking the note from him and stuffing it in the pocket of her skirt. Quickly she got the rest of her clothes back on and retrieved her purse from the end of the sofa then walked to the door.

"Oh, and Dana?"

She turned to look at him.

"I'm really glad you decided to do this."

Not quite trusting herself to say anything, she smiled at him before leaving.

The drive to the lake was lovely. A well maintained two-lane state highway took her most of the way there. Oak and hickory trees grew thick on either side of the road and a lush canopy of green kept her in sun-dappled shade. As she got to the turn-off for the lake, she consulted the map again. Firmly committing the route to memory, she began the final leg of the journey and ten minutes later she was there. She double-checked the instructions to be certain she was at the right place but this fit the description. 'New log cabin style structure. Black and gold porch swing in front.'

Yes, she was in the right place but she felt very conspicuous just sitting here. She looked around and it appeared there was none of the surrounding homes were occupied. This surprised her since she knew Lake Fremont was a popular spot for vacation homes and she knew they were in summer vacation time for most schools in the area. However, she rationalized that most families probably had both parents working and so these would be used primarily as weekend escapes and maybe one or two weeks during the summer.

The crunch of tires on gravel made her head swivel. She was so afraid of getting caught out here that she almost ducked for cover. Then she saw Darryl's car slowly driving up the lane and breathed a sigh of relief. Somehow this seemed so clandestine and sordid. True, they were consenting adults, though she doubted his

colleague would have consented to them using his cabin as a love nest... or lust nest. Something about the speed with which they both jumped into this had left her a bit uneasy and added to her usual anxiety over being with a new lover.

She stayed in her car until Darryl was out and next to her door looking at her expectantly. She had come this far. It was certainly too late to back out now. Besides, as much as her mind was protesting, her cunt was throbbing and wanting more of what Darryl had to offer. Any further musings were cut off by his tapping on the window of her car. Gathering her purse in one hand, she used the other to open the door and slide out.

"For a moment there, I thought you were going to bug out on me."

Though his eyes were sparkling and his voice was light, she could tell there was an undercurrent of seriousness to his message.

"For a moment there, I thought the same thing. Then I decided I'm too greedy for that."

"Greedy?" he asked, putting a hand in the small of her back and directing her to the door of the cabin.

She smiled at him but chose to wait until they were inside the cabin and her eyes adjusted to the dimly lit room.

"Greedy," she affirmed, pulling him close and grinding his pelvis into her.

He returned her embrace with enthusiasm and captured her mouth with his. She could feel his heart beating rapidly as he held her tight. His lips nearly crushed hers but it felt good to be wanted so much that she didn't protest. Instead, she did all she could to encourage his passion. Her hands roamed over his body and her tongue met his in an exciting tango. With nimble fingers he quickly removed her blouse and made short work of removing her bra. She was in heaven when he dipped his head to give each nipple a brief but exciting lick.

He gave an inarticulate groan as he slid her skirt and panties down to her ankles, kissing her exposed flesh all along the way. Gingerly, Dana stepped out of the garments and kicked off her sandals, sending them skittering across the room. For several minutes he knelt at her feet, lightly brushing his fingertips up and down her legs.

"What's this?" he asked, tracing a mark on her right thigh.

Without even looking, she knew what he was referring to and didn't really want to get into it.

"A scar," she replied, trying to keep her voice neutral.

"And this?" he asked as he brushed his fingers by her left knee.

"Another scar."

"Hmmm," was all he said.

He finished his inspection on her right calf, finding yet another pale jagged line that stood out against her tanned skin.

"And another one?" he asked.

Suddenly she felt like Rene Russo comparing scars with Mel Gibson in the Lethal Weapon movie and she wanted to stop before it went any further.

"This," I said, pointing to the thigh scar, "was where I got stabbed trying to arrest a rapist."

"Arthroscopic surgery," she described, pointing to her knee.

"And this is from my ex-husband," she said, choking back tears as she turned her calf to him. "Now can we please get back to business?"

Instantly, she was gathered into a tight embrace. If he hadn't been holding her so closely, he never would have felt how badly her body was trembling from the pent-up emotions that she didn't dare unleash. The way he

stroked her hair was gentle and his voice, whispering calming words in her ear, was soft and almost melodic. She was just getting herself back under control when he bent down and lifted her into his arms.

"Darryl," she shrieked. "Put me down!"

"Okay," he agreed affably and then carried her into the bedroom.

Seconds later she was on the bed and watching Darryl remove his own clothing. He, too, was dressed casually and it only took a moment for him to get out of his sandals, polo shirt and shorts. She watched in eager anticipation as she saw the fabric of his briefs straining over his obviously erect penis. She licked her lips, wondering what it would feel like to suck it deep into her mouth. He laughed at her and began to tease her, pulling the front of his briefs down just an inch or so and then pulling them back up again and never letting her get a good look at him.

She was just about ready to jump off the bed and pounce on him when he finally relented and pulled them completely off. Seconds later he jumped onto the bed with her, gathering her into his arms and kissing all over her face and neck. She responded enthusiastically, letting her hands roam all over his back and butt, firmly squeezing the muscles there before letting her fingers brush over every inch of skin she could touch. It had been so long since she'd allowed herself this kind of carnal pleasure that she felt like a child turned loose in a candy store. There was so much she wanted to do to him and she didn't want to waste a second.

Darryl pushed her back so that she was now lying on the big bed. She grabbed a pillow and placed it under her head, snuggling in and getting comfortable. She could tell by the grin on his face that he had something up his sleeve. Back in his office he said he wanted to show her pleasure like she had never seen before and she knew it was about to begin.

He started with her nipples, slowly and tenderly teasing each one into a hard knot of flesh. With each stroke of his fingers and tongue, she could feel her excitement mounting and her cunt grew wet with desire. For a moment she thought he might actually be trying to torture her by getting her so aroused and not doing anything about it but she knew that there wasn't a mean bone in his body and that he really did want her to enjoy this. Finally she couldn't stand it any longer. She grabbed his hand and directed it to her sopping wet pussy.

"I love an assertive woman," he whispered before dipping his fingers into the wetness he'd created.

She sighed as he began to fondle her. How different it was to feel the touch of another person there; to not know what was going to happen in advance; to be totally in suspense as to the sensations that would be coursing through her body. She stretched and wriggled, reveling in the absolute bliss of being with a lover once again and what a lover Darryl was.

For several long minutes he tenderly massaged and stroked her outer labia, spreading her juices all over them. When he finally did go deeper, it was slowly and deliberately, touching every bit of her warm pink flesh. It was very apparent that he intended to take his time and not rush things. She couldn't remember the last time she'd been with a man that didn't want to do things at a frenetic pace. This was going to be a slow and languorous event.

With the tips of two fingers, he reached deeply inside her, pulled out some of her own wetness and spread it upward, brushing across her clitoris. Her hips surged upwards at that brief and light touch wanting to feel more.

"Hmmm, you liked that."

"Of course, I did!"

"Great, let's do some more."

His fingers plunged roughly into her again and this time as he dragged them out and upwards, he put more pressure on her flesh, sensitizing her even more. She responded in kind, trying to push back against his fingers, getting him to rub her even harder. The orgasm she'd had back in his office was still fresh in her mind and she wanted another one as quickly as possible. For several minutes this kind of manipulation continued. Brief periods of finger fucking her were followed by expert playing with her clit. Every time she thought she was close to climax, he'd stop what he was doing and change to something else. Finally she could take no more of it.

"Damn, Darryl, I really want to come."

"That's all you had to say, sugar."

Dana could feel him gently squeeze her clit between his two index fingers and then slide them off. She gasped at the intensity of the sensation it caused and he did it again. Once more an electric shock coursed through her. As he continued she could feel herself tightening up, the energy gathering for an explosive release. When it finally happened, the shockwaves were so intense that she nearly doubled up. Noises she never imagined making welled up deep inside her before exploding into the air.

Despite her wild thrashing, Darryl managed to slip three fingers inside her sopping wet pussy and placed his other hand on her mons to gently and firmly maintain contact as they rode out her orgasm together. Several minutes later she was a limp and panting mass of quivering flesh and quite certain that if Darryl kept up this intensity of pleasure that she'd never survive the day.

"Still with me?" he asked, keeping his hands in place while gently stroking her mons and lower belly.

"Oh God, what did you do to me?"

"Just keeping my promise."

A very satisfied grin cut across his face as he watched her try to compose herself again. When she moved to sit up, his outer hand slid up to her chest and gently pushed her back down.

"Not yet," he commanded quietly.

Dana gave him a questioning look but complied with his order, snuggling back down into the plush mattress.

"Three has always been a good number for me. How about you?"

"Personally, I'm rather fond of five," she said with a saucy wink.

"Oh, don't worry, we'll get you there and beyond. Now roll over and get up on your hands and knees."

"Huh?"

Dana was half intrigued and half fearful as to what he was planning.

"Don't panic. You'll enjoy this. I promise."

"And if I don't?"

"Then all you have to do is say so and we'll try something else."

His voice was calm and he was so matter-of-fact about it that she couldn't do anything but believe him. She snickered to herself as she realized he wasn't planning on removing his fingers from inside her. Carefully, she bent her knee so as to not kick him in the head as she rolled over and was relieved that while she was repositioning herself, he maintained firm but gentle contact with her.

Once she was settled, Darryl began to caress the smooth, white globes of her ass. Soft, feather-light touches of his fingertips glided over the pale skin, causing goose bumps to pop up. When his hand slid over her tailbone, she shivered and moaned low in her throat.

"Well, I've never encountered anyone whose coccyx was an erogenous zone," he said with a sincere grin, "but this could be interesting."

He stroked it again and she thrust her hips forward causing him to chuckle. His left hand lifted up and pressed against the back wall of her pussy while he tickled her again, letting her push his fingers into the tissue that separated it from her rectum. Her moans of pleasure let him know that he was definitely on to something and continued. She squirmed and wriggled with delight but he couldn't feel the familiar tightening indicating that she was close to a climax.

"So do you really like this or are you just humoring me?" he asked, never stopping in his movements.

"Oh God, Darryl, it's amazing."

"Feel like coming?"

"Mmmmm, it feels too good to come."

His smile turned to an all out laugh. "I don't think I've ever experienced anything that made me feel too good to come."

"You should try this," she encouraged.

"Maybe in my next lifetime. I'm afraid I'm not built for it in this one."

She let out a very contented sigh. "Your loss."

"Well, let's see what we can do to shift gears."

The hand that had been gently caressing her moved lower and held her labia wide open while one finger dipped inside and brought out some of her copiously flowing juices to be rubbed on her clit.

"Oh god!" she nearly squealed through clenched teeth as she felt her button being expertly manipulated.

Darryl felt her reaction on his fingers in addition to hearing it with his ears. Her cunt clamped tightly as he wriggled them inside her and her whole body shivered. He switched his focus from the back wall to the front and eagerly sought out her g-spot. For a moment he stopped his attentions to her clit, as he wanted her still enough to make sure he'd found just the right place to continue. Her breathing began to regulate and her body calmed its reactions as well. Rubbing all over the inside of her pussy, he quickly found the spongy spot that he was looking for and began to rub it softly and firmly.

"Holy crap!" she exclaimed.

"I thought you'd like that."

"Like it? I love it."

"Then hold on to your hat, sweetheart."

Dana had no idea what else he had in mind but tried to steel herself. She took a deep breath and nodded to indicate that she was ready for whatever else he had planned. For a moment he just continued gently stroking that spot causing her to slowly become even more aroused, if that was possible. She felt her wetness begin to drip out of her and blushed at the reaction. Darryl, however, took it as a sign that she was supremely aroused and used her wetness to lubricate her clit even more, pressing it in against her pubic bone.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" she exclaimed loudly.

"Oh yeah, Dana. You love that don't you? You love it when I rub your clit and your g-spot at the same time. I can feel it. Your pussy clamps down on my fingers. You don't want me to stop do you? You just want me to keep on doing this don't you?"

Dana couldn't answer, couldn't form a single coherent word, let alone a sentence. She was in such bliss that her mind and her mouth could not coordinate but she knew he was right. She didn't want him to stop; not now, not ever, not while his dexterous fingers had her on the cusp of a mind shattering orgasm. The best she could do was nod in agreement with his statements and hope he understood.

Darryl didn't really need a verbal confirmation. Her body's delicious spasms spoke volumes. Her cunt was squeezing his fingers so tightly that he wondered if he'd be able to remove them if he wanted to. He considered it a good thing that he didn't and carried on with his expert manipulations.

It wasn't long before he could sense a change in her breathing. Whereas before she'd been inhaling and exhaling deeply but fairly regularly, now her breaths were coming in quick, ragged gasps. A split second later

an orgasm completely overtook her and her body quaked with the spasms that began in her pussy and radiated outward like shockwaves. Noises that were completely foreign to her escaped her lips.

What seemed like an eternity later, she went completely limp and she fell face down into the mattress. Darryl could sense that while most of her body was no longer responsive, there were still small aftershocks twitching through her hot, dripping hole. What concerned him, however, was that her body wasn't moving at all and he couldn't even detect if she were breathing. He placed a gentle hand on her back, searching for the rise and fall of her torso but found none.

He gave her a firm but gentle shake and called out her name. "Dana!"

It was as if he'd hooked up jumper cables and given her a shock. Her body shuddered hard one more time and she gasped but then she began to breathe normally again. However, it took a while longer for her to open her eyes and take stock of her surroundings.

"God, what happened?" she asked in a creaky voice.

"I think you passed out on me."

"Oh!" she responded weakly while she tried to push herself up with her arms.

Finding her biceps and triceps felt like overcooked spaghetti, she fell back to the bed with an ungraceful plop. Slowly and carefully, Darryl withdrew his fingers from her pussy and planted a gentle kiss on her back.

"Stay here," he said softly. "I'll be right back."

"Uh huh," she grunted weakly, barely noticing when he got up from the bed.

She didn't hear him walk out of the room and with her eyes shut, and her head still spinning from the after effects of her wild orgasm, she didn't realize that he'd gone to the kitchen. In fact, she didn't realize that he'd been gone for several minutes when he finally returned with a large plate of snacks and two bottles of water.

After setting them down on the dresser, he gently grasped her ankle and then slid his hand up her leg.

"Dana?"

"Huh?" she mumbled, her head still buried in a pillow.

"Roll over, please. I've got something for you."

She lifted her head and looked back warily. "Darryl, whatever else you've got for me, I don't think I could live through it."

He laughed easily at her. "Don't worry. It's nothing like that. Now roll over and sit up."

Her eyes were slitted with suspicion but she rolled over anyway. Sitting up on her own, however, was another matter. With a gentle, helping hand he assisted her and propped up several pillows behind her back and then turned to the dresser.

"When I was up here last week, I stocked the kitchen. After what I just put you through, I thought you needed something to nibble on."

"Mmmmmm, I hope I'm going to get the chance to nibble on you at some point today."

"You'll get your chance when I'm done with you," he said, turning around with the food and water in hand and moving to the bed.

She laughed softly. "By that time I won't have the energy."

"Sure you will. I'll keep you fed and hydrated so you'll have plenty of energy."

"Does your plan include naps?"

"As needed," he reassured.

"Good, because I'm sure I'm going to need a few if you keep this up."

"Trust me, we will keep this up."

She playfully reached toward his cock. "And I'm assuming we'll be keeping this up too?"

As if responding to her, it twitched and began to stiffen.

"Yes, I think that's a safe assumption," he agreed with a chuckle.

"Good! I can't wait to have some fun with it," she said as she grabbed a cracker from the plate.

"All in good time, dearie."

It didn't take long for the two of them to finish off the food he'd brought and in short order he was nibbling on her bare shoulder and softly stroking his fingertips up and down her arm and then over her back. Dana felt tiny ripples of electricity follow his touch, causing her to squirm violently in reaction. Darryl pulled away and looked at her quizzically.

"Oh God, please don't stop!" she begged.

"Are you sure?"

She pulled his head back to the point of her shoulder in an unspoken answer. This time he watched her closely, paying attention to see which spots that seemed to elicit the most intense reaction. As his breath ghosted over her shoulder and neck, he felt a sigh escape her lungs. A millisecond later his fingers brushed down her ribcage, just barely touching side of her breast and she shivered.

"Well, well, if I'd known you reacted so well to such light stimulation, I'd have tried it a long time ago."

Dana was too busy moaning and writhing to even consider answering him and she assumed he could tell by her movements just how much she enjoyed these very tender ministrations. She couldn't remember a time when a lover had physically touched her so lightly and yet her senses felt like he was wading through them. His barely perceptible caressing of her body continued for a long time, slowly ramping up her desire until she could no longer contain herself. Using the strength and skills she'd developed over so many years on the job, she turned her body and launched an assault on him, pinning him to the mattress, with her legs straddling his hips.

Feeling like a caged animal that finally gained its release; she peppered his upper body with kisses, licks and nips. She ground her pelvis into his long, hard erection, letting him feel her heat and her wetness. He reciprocated by pushing upwards against her so hard that she wasn't sure where she ended and he began. When she slid forward it allowed his cock to spring upwards and she took advantage of it by sliding back and letting it slip inside her in one smooth thrust.

Her gasp of surprised delight mingled with his groan of passion as he completely filled her. He could feel her tight, slick walls enveloping him. Though the urge was strong, he fought against the desire to plunge even deeper into her and let her set the pace and depth of their coupling. For a few moments, she mostly stayed still with just a slight wriggle of her hips to emphasize her position. While she had no doubt that he could flip her off him if he really wanted to, she reveled in the feeling of power and control that came with this position and it was apparent that he enjoyed it as well.

Darryl was in heaven over the sensation of her hot pussy clamping down on him and then releasing as if it were embracing his cock over and over again. He moaned his approval and smiled up at her as his hands went to her hips. Her smile told him that they were mentally on the same wavelength so he proceeded to urge her upwards with his hands while pulling his cock out of her. At the point where just the tip of the head remained enveloped by her lips, he reversed course; thrusting his hips upwards while pulling her back down on him. The force with which he plunged into her took her breath away and made her realize that she wasn't necessarily in control in this position, however, his grin of sheer joy let her relax and let him move her any way he wanted to.

For a several breathtaking minutes he continued his reverse pile-driver motion, some times twisting his hips or

hers to provide a different kind of stimulation. He could tell by the glazed look in her eyes, her rapid breathing and her tightening cunt that she was closing in on an orgasm. The next time she raised her hips, he moved one hand so that his thumb probed deeply between her labia searching for her clit. It wasn't hard to find. The nub was so engorged that it stood out firmly from its hood almost as if it wanted to attract his attention.

"Damn!" Dana exclaimed as she felt him begin to rub her hot button.

She threw her head back and ground her pelvis into him creating the maximum stimulation she could. No longer was she content to be fucked senseless. Now she wanted the electric release she knew he could give her. While she had never really considered herself to be multi-orgasmic, she realized that she'd never really had a lover who relished her climax as much as Darryl seemed to and so she willingly gave herself to that sensation, knowing it wouldn't be her last.

Darryl, for his part, did everything he could to push her on to that exquisite zenith. He shoved his cock deeply into her while still rubbing her clit. The passionate noises that escaped her lips told him that she was enjoying this very much and he doubled his efforts, knowing the payoff would be great. Moments later, he got his wish. Her body spasmed violently as her orgasm overpowered her. Feeling like the horse in a bronco busting competition, he moved just as forcefully as she did, trying to maintain maximum contact between his dick and her cunt.

For months he had fantasized about moments like this one but assumed that they were only pipedreams. He never really believed that Dana would agree to this and then when she did, he almost back peddled, unsure of just how good of a lover she would be. In his wildest fantasies he never would have believed that she'd be so passionate and responsive. Though he prided himself on his own skills as a lover, he knew that a musician was only as good as his instrument and Dana was proving to be a Stradivarius. He hadn't had a huge number of lovers in his life, but he knew he'd never been with a woman who was as responsive and delightful to touch as she was.

When she finally collapsed into an exhausted heap onto his chest he could feel his own erection still throbbing inside her. While part of him wanted the relief of an orgasm, another part relished his self-control so he decided to be patient and wait until he was certain she was ready for another go. Gently he brushed back her long bangs from her forehead while he reveled in the pleasure of feeling her abdomen rise and fall with her soft breaths. He could feel her hard nipples pressing into his chest and wondered how long it would be before they returned to their normal state.

Finally her eyes fluttered open and she turned her head to look at his face.

"You are grinning like the cat that ate the canary," she stated.

"I am," he agreed affably. "You would too if you were in my place."

"I'm too exhausted to grin."

"Oh darn," he said dryly, "I was hoping you had one more in you before lunch. After all, we're closing in on your goal."

"Well, when you put it that way, I can hardly refuse."

Her words were tempered with a returning grin but Darryl was concerned. He certainly didn't want to wear her out and even though she said she was game, he had no clue as to how good her stamina really was. When he felt her cunt squeeze his cock, he decided to give in to his baser instincts to fuck her senseless and live with the consequences later. He knew that this would be his only opportunity to enjoy her and at that point he didn't really care how long the enjoyment lasted. As she continued to subtly tease him, his thoughts centered on how fast and how hard he could get off.

Wrapping his arms and one leg around her, he rolled them both over so that now he was on top of her. She parted her thighs even wider and he knelt between them, shoving his cock in as deeply as it would go. Her hips nearly rose off the mattress as she pushed back to meet his thrust. Mischief sparkled in his eyes as he reached behind her knees and lifted her legs off the bed and pulled her even closer. Dana decided to go one better and stretched out her legs so they stuck straight up in the air, her ankles and feet framing his face.

She suppressed a giggle as she felt more like a porn star in this position than an experienced police detective.

She couldn't deny, however, that it had a positive effect on Darryl. Even with his eyes closed, there was an expression of intense concentration on his face. His grasp on her ankles was tight as he vigorously plowed into her. She, too, closed her eyes and let herself be swept up in the sensation of being taken by such an enthusiastic lover. His grunts and groans of pleasure hit a very primal part of her brain and drove her to put just as much effort into their coupling as he was.

As he got closer to his orgasm, Darryl abandoned all his inhibitions and reservations and drove himself deeply into her spasming cunt, letting the contractions drive him over the edge.

"Ohhhhhhhhh!" he nearly screamed.

In recent memory he couldn't recall having an orgasm so strong that it felt as though the semen was being ripped from his body. A part of him wanted to mercilessly pound his cock into her but he couldn't make the connection between his brain and his body. It was as if all his synapses fired at once and his body locked up, unable to make sense of what was happening. His vision dimmed for a moment and he was certain he could hear the semen as it jetted out of him.

Dana, on the other hand, had more control of her body and she undulated her hips as best she could in this position. When he squeezed her ankles so tightly that she cried out, she jerked even harder and pulled her knees up to her chest, grasping her thighs and holding them there while she writhed as magnificent waves of pleasure washed over her body. Then Darryl finally collapsed, spent from the exertion of his climax, and she wrapped her arms around him, holding him in a gentle embrace while planting soft kisses on the top of his head.

She felt him tremble but couldn't find a way to pull a blanket over them and in any case, really couldn't understand how he'd be chilled. He turned slightly and she found she could roll over on top of him and slide her arms under his neck while her thighs hugged him tightly. His eyes remained closed but the shivering eventually calmed and she felt him relax under her.

"Sleep well, lover," she whispered in his ear and then carefully moved from her position.

Just as she was about to slip from the bed she felt a hand grab at her wrist.

"Hey, where ya going?" Darryl mumbled.

"To the bathroom."

"Okay, just so long as you come back."

She smiled to herself as she staggered across the room. As if she'd leave. Frankly, she knew she wasn't safe to try and drive in this condition so at the very least she'd be here long enough to take a nap and recuperate. Of course, Darryl did seem to be hell-bent on making sure she got her five orgasms but she wasn't sure that she'd be able to withstand any more. If she did, she feared that she'd never make it back to her house tonight, as she'd need at least twelve hours to sleep it off.

Finishing her business, she washed her hands and looked at herself in the mirror. Her reflection caused her to twinge. Her hair was a complete mess, looking rather like she'd just been through a tornado. Her eyes, however, sparkled with a life of their own and she swore that her skin was more radiant than it had been in years.

"Dana, you've got to get laid more often," she told herself quietly.

"I'm willing to get started on that as soon as you are."

Dana jumped at the sound of the voice behind her. She had been so wrapped up in her own reflection that she didn't notice Darryl standing in the doorway.

"Geez, man, don't do that to me," she admonished and then looked at the mirror again. "You scared me so badly that three new gray hairs just popped in."

He entered the room and kissed the top of her head and spoke softly to her, almost as if he were afraid of saying the words aloud. "If it's any consolation, I feel younger than I have in years."

She was deeply touched by the sentiment but wary of getting into the situation behind it. Last night he'd been fairly clear that his personal life was off-limits so she fought to find something appropriate to say.

"Thank you for the compliment but I think you exaggerate just a wee bit."

"No, if anything, it's an understatement. I hardly remember the last time I felt this young and virile."

"Well, I'm glad I was able to help in whatever way."

He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her back into him in a tight embrace, kissing her head once again.

"So am I."

They shared a moment of unspoken friendship before he released her and stepped back while continuing to speak.

"But at the risk of sounding pretty mundane, I'm hungry."

"Well, we worked up quite an appetite."

They shared lunch without speaking much beyond 'please pass the salt' and 'do you want more water?' It was as if no words were necessary to express the comfort and contentment they felt with each other. When Dana took a large bite of her sandwich and left a dab of mustard on her cheek, Darryl casually reached over and wiped it off with his finger. Before he could pull back she grabbed his hand and brought the now yellow-smudged finger to her mouth, licking off the mustard without ever losing eye contact with him.

The sensations of her tongue and lips on his finger sent a shock wave to his groin. From the mischievous look in her eyes, he knew that she was well aware of what she was doing to him. In fact, he suspected that she might have overloaded her sandwich just to pull off this little stunt. He smiled to let her know that she had accomplished her mission and she winked at him. Seconds later he felt a gentle pressure being exerted on his crotch and realized that she'd insinuated a foot into the area to further provoke him. Her smirk at his shocked expression spurred him into action and in a few swift steps he was out of his chair and at her side, grasping her arm.

"Oh, so you want to play? Well, let the games begin."

In an instant she was pulled to her feet and forced to bend forward over the table. With moves that rivaled an experienced cop, he spread her legs as if he were getting ready to do a body search on her. However, he had something much more intimate planned than a simple pat --down and within seconds he was underneath her on his knees executing it. Dana gasped as she felt his lips and tongue almost forcefully invade her pussy.

She wasn't sure if it was the skill of her partner or the difference of the position that made being eaten out feel so good. Under the best of circumstances she found this act mildly erotic, but now, with Darryl pouring all his passion and energy into her, exciting her with lips, fingers, tongue and teeth, she could feel her own moisture escape down her thighs in rivulets. Darryl noticed it too for he'd follow them, lapping them up with his nimble tongue before returning to the task at hand.

With his fingers working expertly on her clit and his tongue stimulating her wherever it touched, Dana knew she was on the edge of a powerful orgasm and truly feared what would happen when it hit though she was fairly certain that her knees would buckle which would result in an embarrassing fall. The table wasn't exceptionally large but the opposite edge still was farther away than her grasp would allow.

"Oh, God, Darryl, I can't take this anymore!" she exclaimed through gritted teeth.

She could hear only a muffled grunt in response but felt him move beneath her. Her pussy was invaded vigorously by first two fingers then three. His tongue moved to her clit and labored there for a few minutes making her even wetter so he could slide a fourth finger into her, stretching her in ways she'd never felt before.

Sensations flittered through the walls of her tightly stretched hole. She tried to relax and hold her orgasm at bay but it was only having a minimal effect.

"Deep breath, Dana, and blow it out slowly."

Not even caring to acknowledge where the voice came from, she followed the instructions and as she let out a long slow exhale, she felt her cunt being stretched even further. She had only a second to realize Darryl had inserted his entire fist in her before he nibbled on her clit and she felt her body shudder as if she were having a seizure. Every muscle in her body contracted hard and then went completely limp for a split second before contracting again. Completely awash with the pleasurable sensations, she wasn't aware that Darryl had moved to wrap one arm around her waist and pull her tightly into his body. Only the spasms that wracked her body impinged on her consciousness. At that moment an elephant could have walked through the room leading a two hundred-piece brass band, and she'd have been completely oblivious.

The last pulse of the orgasm finally waned and with it so did her strength. As her body wilted, Darryl removed his other hand from her pussy and stood to envelope her in a tight embrace before gently lifting her into his arms to carry her back to the bedroom. He took a moment to position her comfortably on the bed and then covered her with a light blanket. A wistful expression crossed his face before he went back to clean up the remains of their lunch.

His thoughts were muddled as he went about his chore. He'd wanted this day ever since the day when Dana had planted that hasty but warm kiss on him before she dashed out of his lab to pursue her prime suspect. Something about that kiss had sparked a desire in him that he'd been trying to ignore for a long time. The problem was that contact with her made ignoring it impossible. Even in her most weak and vulnerable moments, she had a passion that couldn't be ignored. Until today he'd only seen that passion directed towards her work and now that it manifested itself in a more intimate way, it made life more complicated.

There was a time when he felt that he was beyond such things. Wild, passionate sex was for the young and unencumbered and he was neither. Mostly his age didn't bother him. Both his family and his colleagues had kept his fiftieth birthday celebrations low key. There were no large signs in his front yard or on his office door alluding to the grim reaper's imminent visit; no jokes about being over the hill. The normal thoughts about aging just didn't seem to apply to him. No one who knew him ever doubted his vitality. He was just as quick physically as he was mentally. His students enjoyed his dry wit and ability to come up with pun that would ultimately help them with their studies. But still, he had passed the half-century mark and he did have a family and a career; both obligations he took seriously.

So why was he here? Why had he just spent the better part of a day with a woman who was so unattainable? The answer didn't please him but he was too honest to shy away from an unpleasant truth. He needed this in a way that defied logic; needed it down at a molecular level just like he needed oxygen. Just yesterday his future had felt bleak and uninspiring but he knew that if he could have this, it would make that future much easier to walk into. Then he heard the sounds of Dana moving in bed and quickly finished his task to go be with her. This day wouldn't last forever and he wanted to make the most of it.

She didn't appear to be awake but she had changed position. She'd rolled onto her side, her hands clasped under her chin and her knees pulled up tightly to her body. One lock of her deep brown hair fell across her forehead, giving her otherwise perfect repose a slightly comical look. Darryl smiled as he climbed into bed with her and gently brushed back the errant strand. She stirred at his feather light touch and opened one eye.

"Wow, how long have I been out?" she asked quietly.

"Just long enough for me to clean up the kitchen."

"Oh, sorry about that," she winced as she apologized.

"For what? It's not like we made a huge mess."

"Yeah, but it still would have been nice if I hadn't passed out on you."

He chuckled softly and reached out to stroke her arm.

"I consider it the highest compliment. Well, that and the fact that you squirted for me," he said watching carefully for her reaction, "or do you do that all the time?"

Dana's face turned bright red and both eyes opened wide and Darryl smiled warmly at her denial.

"I did not. I couldn't have."

"No, I'm certain that you did."

Her face maintained some of its blush as she reached out to kiss him softly.

"Then be doubly complimented because I've never done it before and I thought that was just a big myth."

The planes of her face changed and she adopted a very demeanor.

"Thank you, Darryl. Those words seem so inadequate considering all that I've experienced with you today but they're all I've got. You've shown me a side of myself that I'd long since forgotten about."

"You're welcome. It's tremendously flattering to hear that and know that you're not blowing smoke."

Dana rolled to her back, raising her arms above her head in a joint snapping stretch. She lengthened her legs and wiggled her toes at the same time, making her look longer and leaner than normal. She held the stretch as long as she could knowing that her normally pendulous breasts would actually look almost perky while she did. Finally she let her muscles contract to their normal state but continued to do a few targeted stretches. For the first time in ages she felt completely relaxed and flexible in ways she'd never imagined.

"I'm glad to see you stretch out before strenuous exercise," Darryl commented dryly.

She rolled over and looked at him suspiciously.

"Before? I thought this was the cool down stretch."

He laughed and began to pepper her body with random kisses.

"Nope, I think I've still got at least one more in me and I desperately want to help make up for that orgasm deficit you're suffering from."

She giggled when his kisses landed on ticklish spots.

"I didn't know I was suffering from a deficit."

"Oh, it's even worse than I thought. You're so far gone that you don't recognize the problem. Boy, I hope I got to you in time."

Her giggles turned to a pleasurable hiss when he latched on to one nipple and began to suckle on it. She could feel the nub of flesh harden under the skillful ministrations of his tongue and lips and hoped that he'd spend a long time there. To increase her chances, she loosely twined her fingers through his hair, gently holding him in place and moaned her approval of his actions. She arched her back and undulated as the waves of pleasure swept down her torso, causing her to become wet again.

When Darryl finally released his hold on her breast she nearly cried in frustration but her anguish was quickly stopped as he simply moved to the other one. The sensations that flooded her body were familiar but even more intense this time and she writhed in frustration. Sense memory kicked in and she remembered how good it felt to have his hard cock invading her most intimate spot. Then she recalled that he didn't seem to have a problem with her telling him exactly what she wanted.

"Oh God, fuck me, please!" she cried out.

He never released her breast from his mouth but reached down to slide his fingers over her labia. They were hot and swollen but not nearly as wet as he wanted.

"Not yet, Dana. You're not ready."

She shoved her hips upwards, trying to get more contact with his hand.

"Why don't you let me be the judge of that?"

Darryl gave her a mischievous grin before moving lower on her body.

"And what fun would that be?" he asked before lightly licking her hipbone and kissing his way further south.

When she felt his lips brush across her labia she shivered in anticipation. Having felt his skilled oral attentions to this area earlier, she thought she knew what to expect but she was about to be proved wrong. This time he wasn't doing it to arouse her because it was apparent that she was already in heat. Over the past few months she'd brought so much pleasure into his life and now he wanted to give that back to her in a very tangible way. Somehow he knew that if he provided the pleasure, she'd take care of the arousal on her own.

Darryl moved slowly, lapping her folds with languorous strokes and enjoying the sensations of the delicate flesh against his tongue. His warm breath floated over her skin like a gentle caress. He gently nibbled the very edge of her labia causing her to writhe and giggle at the same time. His hands, which had been firmly holding her thighs in place, moved in and slowly parted the soft petals of her sex, opening her up to his intense gaze.

"If your plan is to drive me nuts, I think you should know that you're succeeding," Dana gasped.

"Shhh, just lie back and enjoy."

She groaned her frustration but did as she was told, soaking up the sensations that coursed through her body. His tongue's invasion of her pussy was torturously slow, pushing through the entrance with a deliberate agenda. Once inside he tasted all her honey and then slipped his tongue out again. Over and over he repeated his slow advance and retreat until he felt her bucking hard under mouth, knowing she was trying to get him in deeper.

For a moment Darryl completely withdrew from her, severing all contact except for the fingers that held her wide open for his next assault. His own needs began to rise along with his cock and he had to adjust his position to avoid any unnecessary stimulation that would push him too far. When he returned to pleasuring her he concentrated on her clitoris, flicking it gently with the very tip of his tongue, coaxing it out from its hood until it stood out in swollen testament to the state of her arousal.

Dana's short pants and moans let him know she was closing in on an orgasm but she wasn't close enough yet. For several long minutes he kept inching her closer and closer to that goal, using his lips and teeth to keep increasing the pleasure that started in her cunt and radiated outward, making her feel the heat in her fingers and toes.

"Darryl, I really need to come!" she cried out.

Without a word, he moved up between his legs and slid his cock all the way into her in one swift, deep thrust. His action was instantly rewarded as he felt her cunt contract on him and her body shook violently. Not satisfied with just letting her get off, he fucked her hard, urging her orgasm to continue far longer than she thought possible until finally he surrendered to his own climax. He shuddered violently and thrust into her even harder, depositing his seed deep inside her, feeling her body welcome his invasion with its own spasms.

When his muscles felt like over-cooked spaghetti, he moved slightly to the side so he wouldn't crush her and then let himself collapse. He felt her heart beating a heavy but steady rhythm under the arm that he kept wrapped over her and listened as her breathing returned to a normal pace. He gave her a soft kiss on her cheek and then let sleep overtake him.

When he woke again, Dana was dressed, sitting on the edge of the bed softly stroking the calf of his left leg. He slowly opened his eyes and took in her change of attire then frowned.

"I need to leave Darryl but I couldn't do it without saying a proper good-bye."

Hell, this wasn't the way he wanted the day to end.

"Dana," he said, struggling to sit up, "there's something I need to talk to you about."

She put her hand over his mouth and smiled contentedly at him.

"No, Darryl, there's nothing that needs to be said. I'm probably mangling some old movie line but let's just end this day we started it, as friends... good friends."

He pried her hand away from his mouth long enough to let her see his sad smile.

"Thank you, Dana. Thank you for spending this day with me. Thank you for making me feel truly alive for the first time in recent memory."

"It was my pleasure."

She leaned over and kissed his cheek with warmth and affection but no passion. Without another word, she turned and left the room, never looking back. He listened to the sound of the front door closing behind her and then the noise of her car starting. Moments later he could hear the gravel crunch under her tires as she drove away.

He rolled over on his back, slid his hands under his head and stared at the ceiling for a long time while he thought about his predicament. Finally he got up and found his cell phone. He took several deep breaths to steady his nerves but then slowly punched in the number.

The next morning, Dana returned to work mostly feeling better than she had in ages. Some of her muscles protested the workout they'd gotten but she considered that minor compared to the pleasure that now vibrated in every cell of her body. As she sat down, she noticed the light on her phone indicating she had several voicemail messages. Figuring that was a good place to start, she picked up the receiver and began to listen.

The final message took her aback as she heard Darryl's voice.

"Dana, I know you said we didn't talk but I'm afraid you're wrong. There is something you need to know and I won't take the coward's way out."

There was a pause in the recording and she wondered if there had been a disconnection but then heard his voice again.

"I'm leaving the university. My wife's taken a job down in Georgia, which is close to her parents, and I'll be joining her at the end of the month. Emory University has offered me a position there so I can continue teaching."

Another pause, this time shorter.

"I hope you don't think any less of me for going through with yesterday knowing that I'd be leaving soon. If you feel used, I'd certainly understand that and you'd be right. I wanted you from the night that we first shared dinner in that little greasy spoon and I felt like I just had to have you once. I know this isn't making any sense and frankly it doesn't make much sense to me either. As much as we've grown apart, I just can't bring myself to leave my wife. We've been through too much together to just throw that away and I knew that if I could just get you out of my system, I'd be able to start over with her."

She could hear his voice start to crack and tears began to well up in her own eyes.

"I'm sorry, Dana. Not sorry for what we did because I know that you enjoyed it as much as I did. I'm sorry for not being honest with you from the beginning. I know you were well aware that I was married and I know I didn't coerce you into anything but you still should have known the whole story before you agreed to yesterday. I hope you can accept my apology and some day even find it in your heart to forgive me."

The tears spilled over onto her cheeks as she mouthed the words, "I do. I forgive you completely."

"My phone and email accounts at the university are being disconnected and even though I know I don't have to ask this, I'd like you to delete my cell phone number from any records you have. I can't actively stay in touch but I'll never forget you or the time that we shared. Goodnight, sugar."

Slowly she placed the receiver back in the cradle, severing the connection and stared blankly into space. She heard footsteps that stopped behind her but didn't turn to acknowledge the person. A warm hand squeezed her shoulder and she heard Shawn's voice.

"Hey, are you feeling better?"

"Yeah, yesterday was just what the doctor ordered."

END